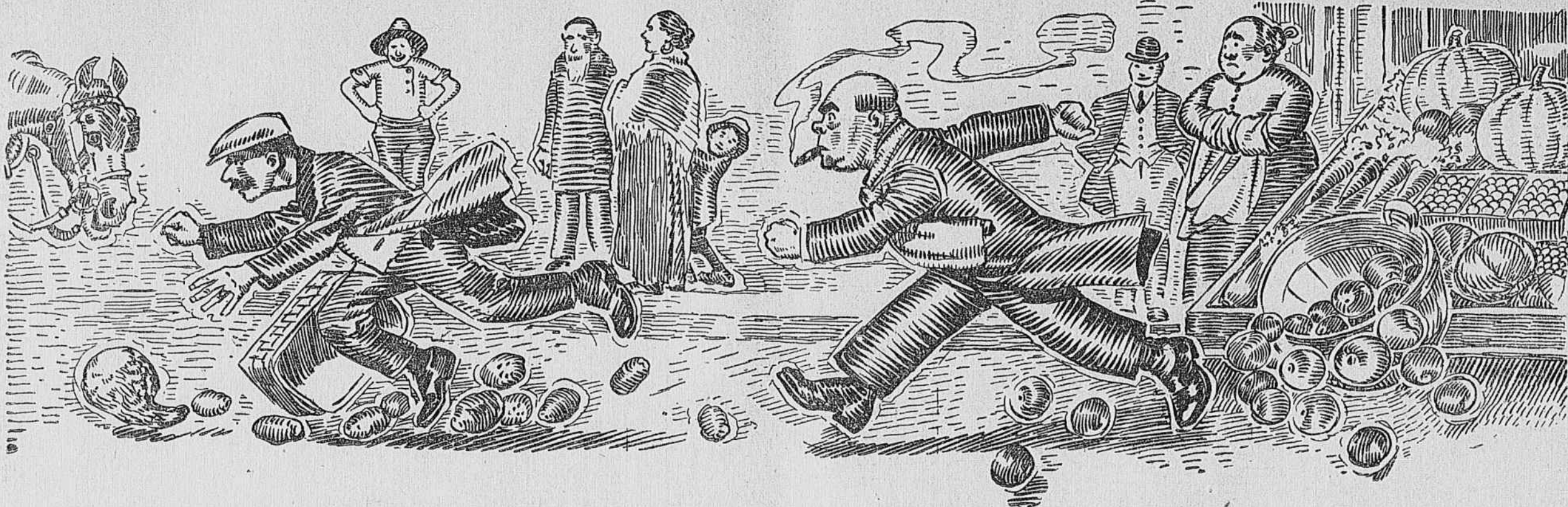


MR. DOOLEY

ON THE ORANGE REVOLUTION
By FINLEY PETER DUNNE



"A man be th' name iv Foster, an' as good a little fellow as iver ye see. He was a gr-reat frind of mine, but 'twas twinty to wan that if I wint by his store on Pathrick's day singin' 'Th' Wearin' iv the Green,' nachrally, d'ye mind, tords him, he'd throw something at me out iv a window; and not wanst but a dozen times he's been so in sullin' an' irritatin' on th' Twelfth iv July that I've had to chase him blocks down th' shreet."

"D'YE happen to know, Hinnissy," Mr. Dooley asked, "where I cud get th' loan iv a pike?"

"Ah, what ar-re ye talkin' about?" said Mr. Hennessy. "What wud ye be wantin' with a pike?"

"Ye'll need wan ye'erself before long," said Mr. Dooley. "If ye're goin' by th' clan rooms on ye'er way home plays dhrop in an' look in th' closet an' see if there ain't a few old wans left. I'll pay f'r sharpenin' an' brightenin' thim up. What'll we do with thim, says ye? Ye'd better be readin' th' pa-pers. Why, before Pathrick's day it's a sure thing ye'll get a writin' f'r'm Jawn Redmond himself orderin' ye to report f'r jooty in Dublin to protict th' authority iv th' crown again the seditious uprisin' in th' north. Ye wudden't go f'r anny such purpose, says ye? Well, thim, I'll put it more to ye'er likin'. He'll be callin' on ye to report f'r jooty to knock th' heads off iv a lot iv Orangemen that ar-re thryin' to prevint Ireland frim gettin' home rule. Aha! I knew that'd get ye. Now will ye go fetch th' pikes? I was sure ye wud."

"I wisht me Uncle Mike was alive. How he'd inj'ye it! He'd be over there now dhrollin' th' boys. He always said he got more good out iv fightin' an Orangeman thim wan iv th' right sort, because he niver felt sorry f'r it th' day after. Th' only regret he'd have about th' prisint ruction is that he'd have th' polis on his side. He wudden't like that much, an' it might make him lukewarm. But I don't mind it at all. F'r five hundred years, more or less, ye an' me, Hinnissy, have had th' mercenary polis an' sojers takin' a hand again us in our neighborly rows, an' now thim spindid bodies iv men ar-re goin' to be with us. Think iv it, me boy! We won't rely on thim intirely, d'ye mind. We're goin' to have some fun out iv thim triumph after five cinchies iv oppression. 'Twill be with us as it was with thim when they had th' right. First throw th' rock an' thim say: 'Officer, in th' name iv th' king—it may choke me, but I'll say it if it's only f'r th' pleasanthy—' officer, in the name iv th' king, arrest that man! His father dhropped a monkey wrench on me uncle's head in th' year forty-two. Won't he go quietly? I'll help ye. Come, me good fellow. Ye won't? Thin, Sanderson, take that, an' that, an' also these! It makes me a young man again to think iv it."

"Th' way th' gr-reatest joke that has iver happened in th' wuruld come about was this way. I needn't be tellin' ye how long we've been shruugglin' to get home rule. We thried ivry kind iv persuasion frim talkin' gently to th' English government to puttin' a charge of joynit powder under their chairs. Th' last argymint was th' best, but Englishmen ar-re awful unapproachable if they've got something ye want, so it wasn't often aisy to get near enough to thry to con-vince thim this way. But wan day after an illiction th' British prime minister took out a pencil an' pa-aper an' figured out how many votes in parlymint he had for him an' how many he had again him, an' says he to himself: 'Be Jove,' he says, 'if th' Irish don't vote with us we'll all lose our jobs,' he says. So he sinds f'r Jawn Redmond an' says he: 'Jawn,' he says, 'I intind to share th' fruits iv our glorious vichtry with ye,' he says. 'Our glorious vichtry!' says Jawn Redmond. 'Go on,' he says. 'Yes,' says th' prime minister. 'Th' Lib'ral party is disposed to be gin'rous with its loyal allies,' he says. 'I've prepared a program that I think will suit ye. Listen to this: A larger navy, restoration iv

th' statue iv Oliver Cromwell, repairs on Canterbury cathedral, army increase, and fin'ly free passes f'r all Irish members to th' British museum.' 'Ye'er ginrosity overpowers me,' says Jawn Redmond. 'But, ye sec, meself an' me frinds ar-re strangers over here an' have no insular prejudices about what party we belong to. Bein' able to pick an' choose, we've decided that th' Tory party looks th' most tasty,' he says. 'Ah,' says th' prime minister, 'there's another thing I f'rgot. How wud ye like home rule?' says he. 'Well,' says Jawn, 'now that ye minion it th' subject has crossed me mind. But whin?' he says. 'How wud nineteen hundred an' sixty strike ye?' says th' prime minister. 'Perfectly,' says Jawn Redmond. 'But ye must excuse me. I have an engagement at Tory headquarters at two, an' it's now wan forty-five,' he says. 'If that's th' case,' says th' prime minister, 'let's shed our coats now an' get down to business. What d'ye want?' he says.

"So we're going to have what they call a measure iv home rule. I don't know how big a measure it'll be. Jawn has lived so long in London that he may not know how much freedom th' Irish can stand. We've got pretty good heads f'r this here form iv intoxicant, an' I hope we'll

get at least a quart. Freedom is like dhrink, Hinnissy. If ye take anny at all ye might as well take enough to make ye happy f'r awhile."

"Well, whin th' news got to th' boys that dig with th' wrong fut there was th' divvle an' all to pay. Ivry Orangeman in th' shipyards dhropped his tools on top iv his fellow workman iv th' throe faith an' wint out to start th' revolution. There've been gran' ructions ivrywhere, an' I'll say this f'r thim that made thim—f'r they're fellow countrymen iv ours, though nayther iv us wud condesind to admit it f'r wan minyit—I say this, they were gran', bould, fightin' speeches. Says th' Marquess iv Monaghan: 'Me ancestors shed their blood, or anyhow rented land an' sold groceries f'r this country, an' no man is second to me in lilety to th' British crown, but I say this, that if th' government iv Great Britain passes a bill that will make it more difficult f'r me to come over here f'r th' shootin' I meself will lead an army iv five millyon armed Ulster men that will disolate this island, cross th' Irish sea, march on London, an' set fire to Buckin'ham palace. I am no bigot,' he says, 'an' I will not appeal to ye'er prejudices. This is a purely pollytickal question, an' I wudden't intrhooce religion into it. So I merely say, 'Here's to King Willum, iv

glorious mim'ry! Con-fusion to th' pope an' down with brass money an' wooden shoes.'" Says th' Jook iv Ballyho: 'It's thirty-five years since I've been in Ireland, but whin I heerd iv this odjus measure I hastened f'r'm Monty Carlo to be prisint at this meeting. I think th' noble lord underestimates th' ar-rmy we will raise. It will be at laste sivin millyon five hundred thousan'. But we must strike at wanst. There must be no delay. I have an engagement in th' south iv France f'r th' first iv March.' Th' meetin' thim sang 'Croppies Lie Down,' 'Boyne Wather,' an' other naytional anthems an' adjourned."

"'Tis a strange thing, Hinnissy, how th' Orangemen keep their prejudices an' ar-re still singin' thim foolish old songs about things that happened hundred years ago. Throe, we sing 'O'Donnell Aboo' an' 'Th' Sham Van Voight,' but they're good songs an' we sing thim with joyvality. But 'tis diff'rent with th' Orangeman. He has a rale feelin' again us. Not always, mind ye. Ye well know that we live on th' best iv terms with thim most iv th' year. 'Tis on'y whin their disagreeable nature crops out that there's throuble. I well remember whin I come first to th' Ar-rchy road there was an Orangeman

kept th' grocery store on th' next corner, a man be th' name iv Foster, an' as good a little fellow as iver ye see. He was a gr-reat frind iv mine, but 'twas twinty to wan that if I wint by his store on Pathrick's day singin' 'Th' Wearin' iv th' Green,' nachrally, d'ye mind, tords him, he'd throw something at me out iv a window; and not wanst but a dozen times he's been so insultin' an' irritatin' on th' Twelfth iv July that I've had to chase him blocks down th' shreet."

"Religion is a quare thing. Be itsilf it's all right. But sprinkle a little pollyticks into it an' dimynite is bran flour compared with it. Alone it prepares a man f'r a better life. Combined with pollyticks it hurries him to it. D'ye suppose th' old la-ads who started all these things goin' cinchies ago had anny religion? Divvle th' bit th' likes iv thim iver had thim or now. They wanted to get a piece iv land or a bunch iv money an' they knew they cudden't get anybody to lave home an' fight just be sayin' 'I want land and money.' That wudden't make much in a battle cry. So they made a religious issue out iv it. They said to th' likes iv you an' me: 'That fellow over there thinks ye ar-re goin' to hell whin you die. Ye take his life an' I'll take his land an' his money."

"I don't blame th' jooks an' th' marquesses an' th' earls f'r bein' cross about home rule. Business in their line has been bad f'r some time an' many iv th' Irish peers has had to go to wurruk sellin' wine or marryin' American heireses. But ye'd wondher why a hero that's calkin' seams or forgin' bolts in a Belfast shipyard wud care who ruled Ireland. But he's got an idea in his head that if th' fellows that lead us took holt they'd do th' same to him that his leaders did to us whin they were on top. He can see himself goin' to whatever kind iv a haythen sarvice th' Prisyterians have in a barn an' little Prisyteryan boys larin' their a-b-abs behind a hedge, an' you, Hinnissy, chasin' th' Jook or Earl or whatever he is iv Roscommon off th' potato patch that his father chased ye'er father off fifty years ago. That's why he is singin' 'Lilbulero' an' tearin' up th' pavement."

"But I'm afraid nawthin' will come iv it but more wurruk f'r th' shreet department iv Belfast an' Londonderry. I'll sleep with me pike alongside me bed an' be ready to go over at a minyit's notice. But I'll not be needed. There's hardly a chanst that there'll be anny fun. Our angry little frinds frim over beyant will have to go back to wurruk whin th' whistle blows an' save their religion f'r Sundahs an' their pollyticks f'r holi-days. Th' jooks an' th' earls will go home to England, an' in a few years ye'll hear th' same tired joke about this rivoluchion that th' boys who tell th' old, old wans at dinner have been tellin' about our rivoluchions f'r a cinchry. Six Ed Carson, th' inthrepid lawyer who is at th' head iv th' bloodthirsty movement, will say: 'We had ten millyon Ulster men ar-rmed to th' teeth, ready to use at a signal.' 'An' why didn't they?' They were pinched be th' constabry.' F'r ye can put this in ye'er little book that no rivoluchion iver succeeded that didn't have th' polis with it."

"An' so," said Mr. Hennessy, "we've got thim with us at last. We aren't goin' to get annything out iv it after all these years iv oppression."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I think we ought to stop all Orange procisyons on th' Twelfth iv July in th' inthrests iv peace an' order."

"That'd be grand," said Mr. Hennessy.

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Keeping the Peace on the 17th of March and the 12th of July.